

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWFOUNDLAND



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- THE DISAPPEARING VILLAGE
- METROPOLIS OF THE NORTH!
- HOSPITAL SHIPS ON THE BANKS

MAY, 1953. VOL. X. NO. 1.

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Atlantic Guardian's Platform

- To make Newfoundland better known at home and abroad;
- To promote trade and travel in the Island;
- To encourage development of the Island's natural resources;
- To foster good relations between Newfoundland and her neighbors.

Atlantic Guardian

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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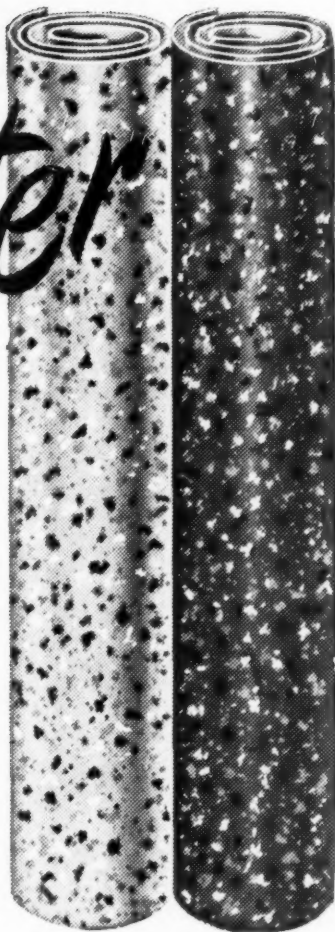
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Cover Picture: Probably the most popular target of tourists' cameras in St. John's is the National War Memorial which honors Newfoundland's dead heroes of World War I. This magnificent monument, erected on the spot where Sir Humphrey Gilbert raised a flag to proclaim the start of Britain's great overseas empire—in 1583, offers a commanding view of the Narrows of St. John's, the nearest major seaport from Europe in North America. Photo by Adelaide Leitch.

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Here We Are Again

MAGAZINES there are galore, long-established ones and newcomers, mighty ones and midgets, crowding the newsstands and the mails everywhere. But to many hundreds of people in Newfoundland, and many hundreds of Newfoundlanders in all parts of the world, there is only one *Atlantic Guardian*.

Since October of last year, due to circumstances that had nothing whatsoever to do with the magazine itself, *Atlantic Guardian* has been out of circulation. Obviously it has been a long, hard wait for those who for over seven years had been used to receiving their Newfoundland magazine every month.

Well, the long wait is ended. The one and only *Atlantic Guardian*—the magazine of Newfoundland—is back in circulation.

Humbly, gratefully, and pridefully we acknowledge the many letters, telephone calls, telegrams, and visits from subscribers. In effect all enquiries can be summed up in one heart-warming question: "Where is my *Atlantic Guardian*?"

The answer is provided herewith. *Atlantic Guardian* is revived, so to speak, by popular request. For that reason, if for no other, the magazine will continue to present Newfoundland in picture and story. And there will be no space in it for anything else.

The Newfoundland-born subscriber who now lives in Arizona—or in Africa—will find his *Atlantic Guardian* coming in the mails for the full period of his paid-up subscription. The same goes for subscribers in Joe Batt's Arm or Jersey Harbor. We love you all and want to give you full value for your money.

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J.R. Changes World Opinion

When the Hon. J. R. Smallwood took office in 1949 as Newfoundland's first premier under Confederation, it was generally expected that he would promptly set up by far the biggest provincial publicity department in all Canada.

Watch Joey flood the world with multi-colored literature to glorify Newfoundland, predicted those who knew the little man of boundless energy who always did things with a splash. Indeed few would have been surprised if as a start he had engaged sky-writing aircraft to blazon the word Newfoundland in the great white way above Wall Street.

Actually Premier Smallwood has done very little in the conventional publicity field. Wisely, he channelled the Government's surplus dollars into surveys from the air and on the ground to find out just what hidden resources Newfoundland might have to shout about before any shouting began. And as for the much-touted tourist business, here again Premier Smallwood has bided his time, waiting until the Island's roads and accommodation services can be developed enough to justify laying down the all-out welcome mat.

Meanwhile from the day he jubilantly became the last of the Canadian "Fathers of Confederation," Premier Smallwood began selling Newfoundland to the world in a blitz-like personal campaign that is unique in the long history of this Island. With cabinet colleagues he travelled again and again to Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and New York, seeking to interest the mighty magnates of finance and industry.

Then there were junkets to Europe in search of industrial genius and machinery. After many thousands of miles of travel to and through many countries, and sales talks and meetings lasting up to eighteen hours a day, the tireless Premier was able to announce that at least twenty-five new industries would be established in the province as a result of the globe-trotting.

But that is only part of the story. World press and radio services and magazines with circulation running into the millions have been giving Newfoundland priceless publicity, and all over the free world there is a fresh and healthy interest in the new province of Canada that not so long ago was being featured as a "Barren Bastion" and the poor relation of the Dominion.

For achieving that miraculous turn-about in world opinion, Premier Joey Smallwood deserves the gratitude and the whole-hearted support of every Newfoundlander at home and abroad.



By BRIAN CAHILL

● Made a quick visit home recently, visiting St. John's and Placentia during three-day stay. First time home since 1946.

Everybody asks, did you notice many changes?

Frankly, no.

Things of course are booming; great deal of new building in St. John's, particularly in the housing development back of Kenna's Hill and in the general area where in our day light-foot lads used to go to snare rabbits, and roselipped maidens used to go to snare lightfoot lads.

But main part of city not much changed. Few new buildings, better paving, no street cars along Water, Duckworth and New Gower Streets. But general old-world, non-North American appearance preserved. This not by any means bad thing.

However noticed, old roué that we are, that quaint, beat-up appearance of city not shared by citizens any more—particularly by female element. Everyone very sharply dressed, girls with latest hairdos and, it is suspected in

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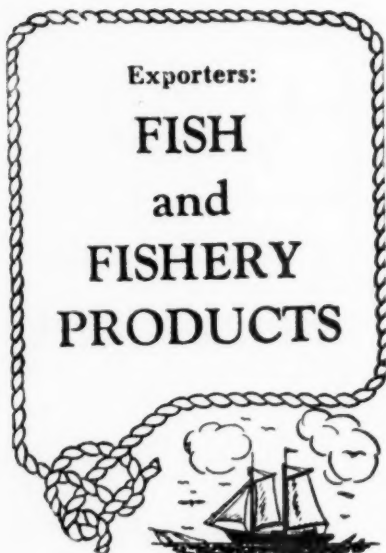
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some cases, certain amount of strategic padding.

Noticed same thing in Placentia, other nearby places. Prosperity reflected more in people's appearance than in new buildings, stuff like that.

Think Newfoundlanders close to scene apt to notice changes in immediate surroundings more than person away long time and retaining only general impression of old town and seeing no fundamental changes.

● Very disappointed couldn't get into Newfoundland Hotel—our Alma Mater. Place apparently infested with college presidents, poets, trustees, etc., down for big installation of chancellor and president of Memorial University and with clutch of Rothschilds from Old Country come, it was hoped, to spread a little of the long green about the colorful countryside.

Offered to resume old job running elevator or hopping bells in return for bed and board but no dice.

Called down maledictions upon head of all educators and bankers and sought shelter at alternative caravan-serai. Personnel here very kind, very anxious to help, so unfair to name it but terrible joint.

Suppose everybody familiar enough by now with need of another good hotel in St. John's, so will say no more.

Borrowed academic gown from cultured acquaintance and managed to sneak into dining room at Newfoundland for couple of meals. Service good, meals not bad.

Held wassail in hotel (ugh!) room and met many old friends, some new ones among newspaper and radio types. Notice vast improvement in both fields, but particularly radio, since our day. Boys and girl sharper, less hidebound

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

than used to be. Writing, speaking voices, etc., compare favorably with any on mainland.

During evening sought little innocent recreation at famed Old Colony Club, but here again stymied by college presidents, poets, etc., who were staging orgy of some kind and needed whole place.

So obtained licenced guide and repaired to Woodstock where footed it fealty to music of Mickey Duggan and the same merry madcaps who made many a welkin ring in days of fair, strong youth. Ah, me!

Road to and fro wet, badly lighted and drive shuddersome experience even for man who once tooled taxi through St. John's blackout for living. Guess getting old.

● Have no profound observations on economic, cultural state of old land. Trip much too short. Hear of worry in some quarters that boom has brought "materialism" that destroying old values of independence, hospitality, rugged honesty. Maybe this so. Pity. But seems inevitable price of progress in contemporary North American society. Believe schools, particularly new university, can and should help preserve old values, sense of history. Certainly solution not retreat to insularity, isolation and precarious economy of so-called "good old days."

● Great sense of aliveness in St. John's, elsewhere in Island. People planning, thinking, looking forward to even better times. In this Newfoundland different from Maritime Provinces where tendency is to sit down and moan they were cheated by Confederation, first confederation that is, and

are held back by freight rates, dirty deals from "Upper Canada," wait for "somebody" to do "something."

Newfoundland atmosphere more like Western Canada, plenty of get up and get going.

This very good. Hope it keeps up.

'By, now.

Brian Cahill

(All correspondence regarding *Guardian Angles* should be addressed to: Brian Cahill, 217 Bedbrooke Ave., Montreal West, Que.)

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Hospital ships such as the one on the right are angels of mercy indeed to the hardy fishermen on the Grand Banks. Standing by is one of the fishing fleet in full sail.

Hospital Ships On The Grand Banks

by ERN MAUNDER

HOSPITAL Ships on the Grand Banks care for thousands of fishermen working the various Banks from south of Newfoundland to Nova Scotia, as well as the Banks off Greenland. Many nationalities fish these Banks. There are English, French, Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, Nova Scotians, Americans and, of course, Newfoundlanders.

The *Arras*, owned by the Canadian Government, is such a ship. Early in the season she works out of Halifax and other Nova Scotian and Cape Breton ports. She carries a naval crew and a 3-inch gun—acting as police and keeping order among the fleet—as well as carrying spare stores. Each day at 2.30 she

broadcasts weather reports, the price of fish and bait and where it can be obtained. Most of the schooners are equipped with radio receiving sets and avidly listen in to the half hour of musical recordings which are also broadcast by the *Arras*.

When schooners are sighted, the *Arras* come alongside to see if any medical or other help is required. Many times the fishermen have badly swollen hands and wrists and salt-water boils caused by the broken oilskin sleeve ends. Most of them wear three or four coils of brass chain around each wrist. This is constantly shifting and makes a good movable pad to resist the hard, rough edges of the sleeves. Serious

cases like appendicitis are brought into the nearest port for hospitalization. Toothache ranks high among the ills of the fishermen. If the weather is fine the men come aboard, remove a "chaw" of tobacco and hold it in their hand. The doctor seats them on an up-turned bucket, puts their heads back against the deck-house and goes ahead with the extrication, throwing the teeth over his shoulder into the ocean and handing each patient in turn a mouth wash. The "chaw" is then replaced and with a hearty "Thanks, doc," they go over the rail to their dories and back to their ships.

Before World War II, the Canadians had the *Arras*, with a doctor; the French, a wooden auxiliary ketch named *Jeanne d'Arc*, with a doctor and a priest. These ships looked after all nationalities during that time. The Portuguese, who were neutral, had a Naval sloop to look after their fishermen. She had the misfortune to run ashore near

Cape Broyle while enroute to St. John's. While kedging herself off the rocks, the wire snapped and sprung back to the ship with terrific force, killing several of the crew and severely injuring many others. The injured were brought to St. John's, and a ward in the General Hospital was filled all summer long with Portuguese. They made splendid patients and were well-behaved and courteous. By the end of the summer, most of the nurses on the ward could speak enough Portuguese to make themselves understood.

Since the last war, the French have a corvette *L'Aventure*, with a full naval crew, doctor and hospital facilities. She is based at St. Pierre and Miquelon, French islands off the south coast of Newfoundland, and often visits St. John's.

The Portuguese now have a large ship of 2,000 tons—*Gil Eneas*—with two doctors, priests, male nurses and hospital facilities. She keeps fishermen on board until they



The "Arras," Canadian Hospital Ship, anchored at Holyrood and surrounded by ships of the Newfoundland fishing fleet.

are well, and brings serious cases either to St. John's or back to Portugal. She follows the fleet from the Grand Banks to Greenland waters.

Before World War II, the Canadian fishing fleet had practically no motor power, and the *Arras* has been known to tow two or three ships at a time into or out of a baiting port. Today, all American, Canadian and Newfoundland schooners have good and sufficient power. They have no use for the heavy main-boom, jib-boom and top-masts, and are what is known as a "bald-headed rig". Today, they have ship-to-shore telephones. There are very few dory fishermen (2 men to a dory) now. The motor and steam-driven trawlers and draggers have replaced them and they have larger and more comfortable quarters. These ships are out on the Banks by the hundreds, which at night looks like a floating city, so numerous are the lights from the many ships.

Many Spanish and Portuguese trawlers carry loud speakers, and all day long broadcast music to the crews on the Banks. It is not unusual in St. John's, when the fleet is in, to hear the strains of the opera "Carmen" and other music apparently coming over the house-tops, especially on a Sunday when the crews relax and loll around the wharves, visit other ships, cut each other's hair, repair their gear or their clothes, as well as doing dozens of other jobs.

These fishermen are well-behaved as also are the other nationals. The Portuguese, if they have a football,

go to some waste land and have a game either in their stockings or bare feet. No boots are used. They spend a lot of money for articles to take home and it is interesting to watch them make their wants understood to the clerks in the St. John's stores. Both the clerks and the fishermen get a great kick out of it, and pantomime and laughter usually accompanies the sale. The Portuguese generally come to St. John's in late April and May, and the streets are filled with dark-skinned men, very colorful in their bright-hued clothing with their sabots clacking on the concrete sidewalks.

Each year, the beautiful two, three or four-masted, white hulled, schooners come into St. John's bearing such names as sets one thinking of orange and lemon graves and soft scented air. Such names as *Santa Isabel*, *Santa Maria*, *Mannuel*, *Gazela*, *Milena*, *Senora da Sauda*, *Novas Mares*, *Argus*, *Jose Alberto*, and ports, as *Porto Lisboa*, *Viana do Castelo* on their sterns. The Italian *Genepesea*, the French *Martin Pechur* (Martin the Fisherman), *Angelus*, and home ports such as St. Malo, St. Severan, Parnipol and Cancale are all music to the ear.



Oil derricks, tractors and jeeps have invaded St. Paul's Inlet—and a peaceful village may become a mechanized boom town.

The Disappearing Village

by ELLA MANUEL

ST. PAUL'S! Rigs and derricks—oil wells and wealth! A likely enough magnet for anybody's compass, but not for mine. My magnet—St. Paul's in this moment of time, its curves and bones and sinews not yet overlain with man's pattern. I wished the memory of a beauty which must surely and quickly perish.

"Come up," invited Jim Shears, John Fox's foreman and my good friend. "We'll feed you in the cookhouse and you can sleep in a tent in our garden." And so, on a blustery August day we set out in an open boat from Rocky Harbor—a day when the mist rolled in and the seas piled up and the shore was a fringe of foam. We should have liked a better time, but we'd been waiting for twenty-four hour for a civil passage and we were in a hurry.

It was rough enough to begin with. Then we reached Green Point, the place so ominously



The oil ring silhouetted against the sky is but one of the signs of the changes in store for St. Paul's.

called "the point of no return" where one must decide whether or not to risk one's boat on a shore without harbor for fifty miles, and where we saw the wind whipped to a fury and the rain hiding the coastline. We turned tail and ran, cursing the utter lack of roads, the weather and even our own discretion. Yet we were relieved to slip into the comparative calm of Rocky Harbor, and to rest for a few hours before trying again. When the wind abated with sunset, we tried and made it—so near to St. Paul's, and yet so trying a passage ahead!

Your boat must ride the proper tide, for the falling water rips through the channel. You must have the right wind and not too much. And you must have someone who knows the passage to guide you in. Failing that, you will surely end up on a rock. First you run in on the waves, turn sharply at right angles and list to

starboard as you take the seas on your beam. Then, with engines idling, you veer sharply into a channel so narrow you could jump ashore without wetting your boot soles.

Tricky? Yes, but that is only the beginning!

Now you wind through reefs and sunken rocks dotting the wide outer bay until you come to a tickle. You slide between two points, run the boat on the beach and there you are—buffetted and aching, wet and cold — in St. Paul's, as beautiful as Heaven and just as different to enter.

I had a jumbled impression of people coming down a wooded path which joined to the cove the little houses huddled on a finger of green. One man sang out:

"How was the trip?"

"Nice breeze," said Norman airily. I'm glad he thought so, for I was battered and stiff and the tarpaulin thrown over the gear was drenched. Of course, you never do admit you had a bad time or that you were in the least scared! No more than you'd admit you were smitten to the core by the loveliness around you. That would be embarrassing. So I stood quietly and held my tongue though I longed to shout, "Look at those mountains! Did you ever see anything like the shadows crawling along their sides?"

The inner bay was a circle, ringed around by majestic hills folding back in serried rows. Tiny islands, black rocks — gulls and terns, black ducks — yes, even a harbor seal poking his streaming head inquisitively out of water. And what's that! The hauntingly

familiar contour of rigid cliffs and deep valleys that I never again expected to see.

"Isn't that Western Gorge?" I asked Jim, unable to keep the excitement out of my voice.

"Yes. That's it, and a good six miles over tuckbrush and mesh." (Jim is one of the few Newfoundlanders who gives you precise data instead of "a long ways" or "a good piece off"). "You won't get in there this trip, but when we bull the road next fall, it'll be easy."

"Easy for a lot of other people, too," I thought, "and there goes another paradise."

"No matter," added Jim. "there's Black Brook and Alex—fine for trout. Come on, I'm starved."

I remember walking to the camp along a muddy road once a lane but now gashed by tractors, thinking I had come to the heart of a dream. I saw such lovely children — tow-headed, fair-skinned and delicate. Down Rocky Harbor way they were red-headed but here the sun and wind must have bleached them to this gorgeous straw blonde. We met on the path a little, whiskered man with quizzical eyes.

"Well, Freeman," Jim greeted "you'll have to come up and sing for us soon. This woman here is crazy about songs."

"That I will come up and sing for her," smiled Freeman, and Jim muttered that he knew more old Newfoundland ballads than anyone in these parts.

Imagine, if you can, my utter delight when Freeman gave me an authentic folksinger's rendering of



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"Bold Wolfe," that strange melody in the old, forgotten Dorian mode. He didn't know that he had something precious and rare. He was only entertaining friends with some of the two hundred odd songs his mother, Rosanna Payne, had taught him. As for me, John Fox could have all his oil wells! I'd found a far richer treasure in two songs not yet in any collection. Even the quiet night with the Northern Lights dancing a sarabande could not compare with that!

But machines already disturbed our peace. Tractors and jeeps and sea-planes were familiar. The oil rig pointed its dirty finger at the sky, silent in the rush of finishing a house for the drillers. They call it "the bunk house" but it is insulated, has hardwood floors and

electricity and running water, and a broad view over the bay. Roads are being hewn out of **marsh** and rock as the bulldozers roar all day, hurrying to make a pathway for the tons of machinery yet to come. That must be brought up the coast by barge, unloaded on a rocky beach and hauled miles over bog and sand—a project that sets one wondering how much the oil must be worth to make it all profitable.

One evening a little schooner put in with supplies. She warped tight into the beach on the seaward side and discharged her freight onto a "sled" which was chained to a giant tractor. Bale after bale piled on, sinking the sled under water. Suddenly the chain slipped and the freight which it bound slid toward the water. Like a streak, the Yankee driller was in the icy water to his neck—tugging, shoving and cursing—and saving the precious cargo. Later I rode with him on the tractor across the marsh and sand, pulling the loaded sled over rocks and hummocks, easing it gently through brooks and puddles. The sunset was breathtaking; ragged red faded to purple and mauve and pink in a sky studded with clouds like cotton wool. I shall probably never again watch a tractor without remembering that evening, without seeing again that desolate beach once a thriving settlement.

About thirty years ago, everyone in St. Paul's lived out there. Then they bought horses and it wasn't long before even the grass roots were destroyed. The topsoil blew away. The sea found its way in and storms rolled sand over



the gardens. A few lonely houses stand—a few hardy people live there, on a beach strewn with the bones of a gigantic whale. You can lie full length in one, savoring truly the words of Moby Dick, "the ribs and terrors of the whale." Then the beach dwindles into boulder and tuckbush—that nightmarish tangle of bent trees with branches fantastically twisted and knit together by salt spray.

On windy days the sea reaches far. Even in the bottom of the bay you can watch the waves break on the mountains' feet and leap twenty or more feet up their sides. The little grassy islands where people cut succulent hay are almost hidden. Even the gulls and terns stay quietly at home. That's the sort of weather when you stay put.

It was such a day when the coastal boat went South. Cow Head, six miles away, might as well have been in the Pacific for nobody would dare take us through the run to join her. This was the last chance for passenyers, mail or freight for another fortnight. Life is hard, there's no mistake, and there is no logical answer to "Why do people live there?"

Now of course, the situation is different. There is an oil well, the anticipation of work and wages, and the hope still alive in them of a road down the coast. But before all this, I suspect the people lived in St. Paul's because they loved its loveliness, they knew its rocks and hills, and because nowhere else could ever be home. After all, isn't that the bed-rock of a Newfoundlander.

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The motor vessel "Christmas Seal," owned by the Newfoundland Tuberculosis Association, on one of its trips in an effort to curb the dread scourge in Newfoundland.

By Boat, Bus and Rail Car

A sleek, white boat slices the waves in a distant bay; a squat white bus trundles down a rough village road; an express train shunts a special car onto a siding; wherever this happens, it is a signal to another Newfoundland or Labrador community that reinforcements have arrived to take part in the never-ending battle against Tuberculosis. The *M. V. Christmas Seal*, the converted motor-coach, and the adapted railway car are the three main methods which the Newfoundland Tuberculosis Association employs to carry out its unceasing X-ray program in this Province, for all three conveyances are mobile X-ray units and between them they have visited or will visit every inhabited place outside the larger centres.

The fight against Tuberculosis has made great headway since the first Association in Newfoundland for the Prevention of Consumption was inaugurated by the Hon. John Harvey in 1906. Four

years after, a six-bed camp was opened at Mundy Pond for consumptive women under the auspices of the Daughters of the Empire, and in 1911, the Government of Sir Edward Morris asked the late Dr. Herbert Rendell to head the anti-Tb program. A year later, the Tuberculosis Public Service was created and the Mundy Pond Camp was taken over by the Government.

The First World War increased the urgency of the anti-Tb campaign when Newfoundland ex-servicemen were invalidated home with the disease. This resulted in the opening of two more rest-homes, the Jensen Camp on the Blackmarsh Road, and Escasony, a residence on the Portugal Cove Road.

The first major project was developed in 1917 when Bowcock's Farm (the site of the present St. John's Sanatorium) was converted to that purpose with a 52-bed capacity, and the Mundy Pond camp closed. The shape of things to come was seen in 1917 when Dr.

Rendell with three nurses made an extensive tour of the country by every conveyance, including a boat, to begin a campaign of enlightening Newfoundlanders about the cause, prevention and treatment of tuberculosis.

Unfortunately the education campaign took a second place to the necessary work of accommodating and curing the known cases of Tuberculosis. In 1921 the Sanatorium was enlarged to 111 beds, chiefly for ex-servicemen, and Jensen and Escasony camps were closed. From 1921 to 1931 the Sanatorium had its accommodation increased and its facilities for coping with different aspects of the disease, extended. Then in 1937 the Avalon Health Unit, a mobile project, was organized by Dr. James McGrath, now Deputy Minister of Health, to conduct X-ray surveys on the Peninsula. The forces against Tb. were beginning to take the offensive.

Up to then the anti-Tb movement had been essentially a Government sponsored affair. Then in the early 1940's a new inspiration came to it. A young man came down with Tb. won the fight against it temporarily, and then set out with a burning zeal to arouse the minds of his fellow-countrymen to the realization of the terrible scourge that was killing almost six hundred Newfoundlanders each year. The zealot was Ted Meaney, the "Happy Warrior," and as a direct result of his single-handed crusade the St. John's Rotary Club sponsored the formation of the Newfoundland Tuberculosis Association in 1944, and for the first time the case for education and prevention was put straight to the



The little fellow looking on seems very interested in what the Doctor and Nurse are saying.

people. Ted Meaney lost his life in the opening stages of the campaign, but his zeal inspired others to build a great organization on the firm foundation of courage and faith that he had laid.

Essence of the Association's initial effort was the introduction of the Christmas Seal Sale, which originated in Denmark in 1907, and quickly spread to many countries. A great deal of credit has been given to the Association's President, Mr. F. M. O'Leary, O.B.E., who as Chairman of the Seal Sale Committee for the first several years with characteristic energy and enthusiasm made it a notable success.

As funds increased through the sale of Christmas Seals and Bonds and many donations from public and private sources, the Association, always working in close co-operation with Government agencies, raised its sights higher and higher. Under its new Executive

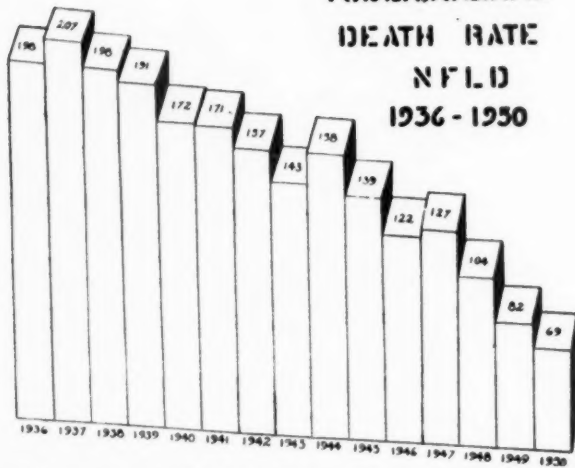
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TUBERCULOSIS DEATH RATE N.F.L.D. 1936 - 1950



Records are the yardstick by which to measure the results of past and present services and to reckon the need for future services.

Secretary Mr. Walter Davis, its aim was to promote and facilitate the X-ray of every resident of Newfoundland and Labrador, and to drive home by every means of propaganda available the message of prevention of tuberculosis by health education.

To what extent has the program succeeded? Let us look at the facts.

First of all the death rate has been cut in half from over five hundred in 1944 to 247 in 1950, the lowest figure in the eight years of the campaign. The Association has acquired the *Christmas Seal*, a former United States Naval Patrol Craft, converted one of the former "Golden Arrow" coaches which used to run in St. John's, into a mobile road unit, and secured a railway passenger car which has also been turned into a travelling X-ray unit, and is carried from place to place by trains of the CNR free of charge. The *Christmas Seal* has

played a major role, and it is estimated by Secretary Davis that to date some seventy-five per cent of Newfoundlanders have been X-rayed. Asked if the day might come when everyone had been X-rayed, the opinion was cautiously given that this might be accomplished eventually, although the passage of the years has meant that people who were X-rayed earlier are constantly due for repeats, and it is hard to tell where the process begins or ends.

So far the largest survey ever undertaken in Newfoundland was conducted in 1951-52 in the Corner Brook area. Under Dr. James Romeyn of Fort San, Saskatchewan, with clinics operating three shifts a day, six days a week for six weeks of the survey, nearly fourteen thousand of the seventeen thousand of the population were X-rayed. The cost for the survey was over seven thousand dollars of

Christmas Seal Sale funds, with a portion of travel expenses and supplies of Health Education material totalling \$10,000. With reference to Health Education Material, Secretary Davis states the Association has distributed over half a million pieces of literature in its eight to nine years of work. The material is very attractive, striking and effective, with all sorts of angles being designed, including the comic book technique and characters, to get the idea of prevention and cure of TB across to the public generally.

One of the latest and most promising combat moves in the fight against tuberculosis has been the BCG vaccination program carried out this past summer in all the settlements along the southwest coast, from Terrenceville to Rose Blanche. The operation, which took over two months, was directed by the Association's medical officer, Dr. Walter Henneghan, in the *M. V. Christmas Seal*, and an X-ray survey has been carried on simultaneously with the vaccination. The BCG work has been already done amongst the children of St. John's, Grand Falls, Corner Brook and Buchans, and was recently begun in the twin towns of Channel-Port aux Basques. The BCG program is being financed jointly by the Federal and Provincial Departments of Health and the Newfoundland Tuberculosis Association, and has been quite successful from the point of view of the numbers vaccinated and X-rayed.

It must not be inferred from the progress made, including the reduced death rate, that Tb in Newfoundland and Labrador is under

control. Tuberculosis is still the greatest cause of death in the age group from 15-45, and in all age groups it causes more deaths than all other infectious diseases combined. Nearly one thousand patients are presently receiving treatment in institutions at St. John's, Corner Brook, Twillingate and St. Anthony; as many more are being treated at home.

But even more startling is the fact that there are still great numbers of people who have tuberculosis and don't know it. In his Annual Report for 1951-52, Mr.



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Walter Davis said, "It is important that we think about these facts for a while, because there are people who think that tuberculosis is under control and that the problem does not require the same degree of attention that we have been giving it. We have to think more now," he continued, "about the number of cases, rather than the number of deaths."

The Association has already undertaken a vigorous rehabilitation program under a new Director, Mr. Edgar House, B.Sc., former Headmaster of Bishop Feild College. And as the result of a magnificent donation of twenty thousand dollars from the various Life Insurance Companies of Canada, which was secured by Mr. Davis during a recent trip to Toronto, a thorough program of health education will be launched. "We have to think more and more in terms of health education," declared Mr. Davis. "It is indeed regrettable that in spite of all that has been said about Tuberculosis there are yet thousands of people who do not

believe the basic facts about this disease."

The new health education program will be directed by a committee headed by Dr. G. A. Frecker of the Provincial Department of Education. It will be carried on separate and apart from the Annual Christmas Seal Sale, which has been described as "perhaps the most powerful, single educational weapon wielded by the Association . . ." Mention of the Christmas Seal Sale serves as a reminder that all the wonderful work of the Tuberculosis Association, X-ray Surveys, B.C.G. vaccination the Rehabilitation Program, the Education Program to date, and the operation of the three types of mobile X-ray units, the boat, the bus and the railway car, have been financed mainly by the results of the Seal Sale. From a Danish post Office in 1907, to a Newfoundland outpost in 1952, may seem like a far cry indeed, but when humanity is being served time and distance are only inconstant factors in a constant effort.

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Along The Southern Shore

by M. S. STRAWBRIDGE

ON Friday, July 4th, a freak white frost visited the Avalon Peninsula; many farmers and gardeners were shocked to find their young potato tops lying limp and useless in the fields or gardens. It certainly was a cold morning on the bicycle—cold enough for a sweater under a thick tweed coat. Eight o'clock in the morning is a good time to set off for a day's expedition. Starting too early may upset the nerves, temper or digestion, while starting too late spoils the whole day. Setting off at 8.00 a.m. makes it possible to have a good night's sleep plus a good breakfast. It does not create an embarrassing situation for your host and hostess, yet you are away on the road to adventure just before the usual humdrum of the world gets going.

Once out of the city of St. John's and over the Waterford Bridge, there is just one sturdy road—creating no doubts at all but that it will eventually take you to Trepassey. The road surface for the first few miles is sometimes good, sometimes bad. The rough places serve as a gentle breaking-in for worse to come, the smooth sections give an opportunity for looking around at the countryside. The term 'Southern Shore Road' is perhaps a little misleading, so much of the time is spent out of sight of the sea. Passing through the Goulds brings back to mind a description written by a homesick

young Cookie, working in the mining town of Buchans:—"My home is in the Goulds. Early in the morning we would climb up one of the hills and see down below us green fields, the church and school, the neat houses and gardens surrounded with white fences." This is a pastoral countryside. A troop of horses—white, brown and grey, herds of belled cows, sheep with their lambs graze along the grass verge or pass leisurely across the road. From time to time the simple notice *Worms for Sale* tells the traveller that trout streams are quite close.

Bay Bulls

Bay Bulls is the place to have a picnic lunch. From up on the high cliffs it is interesting to watch a fleet of little boats, loading cod on to a schooner which is moored in the very centre of the long calm harbor. A dozen or more men are talking, laughing and chaffing as they clean and pack away the fish. This cargo is to go straight to Halifax. For cod—gutted with the head and tail left on—the fisherman receives \$2.50 for 100 lbs. Not a great sum it seems, but apparently it pleases for it is a quick and simple sale.

The huge docks and more or less inactive buildings all around the docks are a puzzle to the visitor until he learns that in the last war Bay Bulls was occupied by several hundred members of the Canadian

Navy. Reminiscing about those times, the citizen of Bay Bulls will tell you: "They were no trouble at all—a good bunch!" Once again there is considerable activity at those big docks, for the Newfoundland Light and Power Company is laying new pipe lines at Cape Broyle. Supplies for this construction work are unloaded at Bay Bulls.

Everyone knows about the church gate made of French cannons—two large, two small. The idea of saints mounted on upturned cannons does not sound too attractive, but once seen, it is not easy to forget this entrance gate. There is something beautiful, maybe symbolic, in those four calm figures—Saint Theresa, Saint Peter, Saint Paul, Saint Patrick—each standing high and serene on the upturned

mouth of a wellshaped but deadly weapon of destruction. It is difficult to open the big iron gates; those who wish to visit the church use a smaller side entrance.

Witless Bay

Down into Bay Bulls, up out of Bay Bulls—into Witless Bay, out of Witless Bay—into Mobile, out of Mobile—each of these 'ins and outs' represents a steep hill of half a mile or more. A cautious cyclist in Newfoundland must be prepared to walk about a quarter of the distance covered. Many of the hills are so rough and steep that it is impossible or risky to cycle either up or down. On rough gravel roads be always on the watch. It is surprising how much punishment new Dunlop tyres will take, but a sharp flint can cause a punc-



This quiet, peaceful scene in Bay Bulls shows the even style of living in many of our Newfoundland outports.

ture and a loaded bicycle is hard to handle in loose sand or gravel.

Tor's Cove

At last comes the turning off left into Tor's Cove. The designer of Tor's Cove must surely have loved curves, circles and semicircles, for this little settlement has a peculiarly curly appearance. The several roads down into the cove make white circular lines; the surrounding hills are softly curved; the shoreline curls around the bay, and the islands standing sentinel over past secrets and who knows how much treasure trove — are modelled with those fantastically simple outlines such as a six-year-old will use when drawing mountains; the sheep are soft and curly; the gulls and arctic terns circle overhead. Even the trees seem to curve away from the prevalent wind. But about the inhabitants of the 'Curly Cove' there is nothing curved, unless it is their kindly courtesy and quite inimitable, gay sense of humor. "Surely to goodness" only an Irishman or woman could weather the tragedies that some of these folk have seen yet still come up with a smile in the eyes and a joke—a witty one too—on the lips.

The visitor approaching Tor's Cove may be directed to take the beach road with a warning "not to go down the Cribbies, but turn to the right past the Palace." The Cribbies is a beautiful, smooth grassy road, leading down to some cottages near the shore. The Palace is the residence—not of a bishop but of the much-loved priest. This priest takes good care of his flock and his garden. Each well-kept

flowerbed is bordered with smooth, oval-shaped stones from the beach; they are not left grey and dreary-looking nor painted dazzling white, but each stone has a strong white band painted from end to end, the effect of which is peculiarly light and dainty. Was it the hands of the priest himself which did this careful work or could it be a feminine touch? Globe Buttercups—the Buton d'Or of the Swiss Alps—stand up proudly in one of the palace flowerbeds.

Two nights' rest with kind friends made it possible to enjoy many things. In Tor's Cove there are ten or twelve old or underprivileged ladies, who for the rest of their lives will probably be guests or wards of the government. Their new "Mother" is a gay smiling little lady who also reigns benignly over a home and family of her own. The older women call her "the little girl," but they evidently respect her quick decisions and clear commands as much as they enjoy the personal attention and kindly teasing she gives to each one. This capable superin-



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tendent will introduce you to her charges. Outside in the garden one or two are having some fun on the swings, while in their downstairs dining-room a group are playing cards.


Mrs. Shanahan—a shut-in for fifty years—passes her time reading, writing or crotchetting. She can be persuaded to sell some of her work, but keeps for her own bed a beautiful white crotchet bedspread. Then there are Mother and Daughter who lost their all in a fire; Nellie who helps in the house and last but not least—Rosie. Rosie must have seen much and lived through tumultuous times. Her native country is Palestine and her hobby is gardening. With real skill and unbelievable energy, she has erected at the back of the

house a lean-to shelter of large stakes and boughs. She has collected hundreds of small cans, filled them with earth, arranged them on rustic shelves and carefully woven overhead a roof of interlaced branches. The night of our visit, Rosie had gone to bed. She told us that her seeds were sown, her work finished. All that she could do now was "to ask the good God to make her garden grow." Every evening at 7.30 the women gather together around a little altar of "Our Lady" to say their Family Rosary.

A couple from Bay Bulls, with their small daughter and a foster child, were visiting a nearby settlement. It was not evident in any way which was their own little girl and which was the foster child.



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Home

Wandering fellow-countrymen,
I hope this little poem
Will strike a chord of memories
Of carefree days "Back Home."

Maybe you came from Clarenville
Or Bonavista Bay!
Or was it across "The Tickle"
Where you first saw light of day?

Newfoundland, dear Newfoundland,
Rising out of the sea,
To some you're just a lonely isle,
But "Home Sweet Home" to me.

Do you remember the 'fish and brewis'
And Mother's home-made bread?
The wood piled high in the old back
porch,
And that "heavenly" feather bed?

The hand-made quilts, the home-made
rugs,
The spittoon on the floor,
And father smoking his old black pipe,
His feet on the oven door?

Mother was always busy
Stitching on pants or shirt,
Or making sister Mary Jane
A brand new "wincey" skirt.

Your first long pants,
The gray "quiff" hat (tilted over
one eye),
And father saying proudly,
You're most a man "me bye"?

The day you started for the "States"
Where you hoped for ease and swank
And said farewell forever
To the fish on the old Grand Bank.

The sun sinking low o'er the distant
hills,
The dories on the "gig"

Baby of the Month



The winsome little miss so
snugly dressed for winter is
Patricia, daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Stephen R. Cotter
of Whitbourne. She was 2
years old when this picture
was taken and has blonde,
curly hair and blue eyes.

Where friends and neighbors toiled
and cussed,
And hauled in the pesky squid.
Memories, precious memories,
Of childhood days so free,
And the good and kindly lessons
We learned at Mother's knee.

Dear Newfoundland! I left your
shores,
New lands, strange sights to see,
But, oh, how I still love you;
Keep a place in your heart for me.

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ANOTHER PRIZE-WINNING STORY

The Soft Summer Air

by JANE GORDON

I suppose you could say the girl fooled me. Perhaps she did. I knew that when her husband came into the store yesterday that I was in for trouble. Tom Fleming is a steady, hardworking fisherman. I have had dealings with him for years. He is the sort of chap who looks twice at both sides of a quarter before he parts with it; but a decent fellow for all that. I know for a fact that he has piled up a nice little savings account at the bank and that he could easily pay for a dozen sacks of flour without blinking an eyelid. Yet there he was making a proper fuss about a bill we had sent him for a single sack; blackguarding the girls behind the counter and swearing that he had not had a pick of flour from us since the Fall.

By the time I got out from the office to see what all the noise was about, one of the girls had pulled out the order book and somebody else had called Bill in from the back. There it was down in the book: "one sack flour—Mrs. Tom Fleming," and Bill remembered quite clearly getting it out of the truck and carrying it into her kitchen.

"She made me stand and hold it while she put down a paper to keep the flour off the floor," he said in a disgruntled voice, "and then she wouldn't sign the delivery slip because she said she had no learning."

"I never ordered it and neither did she. She knows better than go buying stuff like that without my leave. And it never came into the house neither, or where is it now? You can't tell me there's a sack of flour lying around there that I don't know of."

There were too many people standing about now with their ears cocked. I got him into the office to quiet him down and at the same time I had a passing word with Bill who took the truck and made a quick trip down Cove to call on the young woman. Fleming was thoroughly worked up and determined not to pay a cent of the bill he kept flourishing in my face. While he was arguing, Bill had plenty time to drive down to the house and back. When I finally calmed down the young fellow, Bill was waiting to see me.

"I don't know what they're up to Skipper," he growled, "but she swears now that I never brought the flour and that it was never ordered. Made an awful fuss, she did, when I asked her about it. It seems her husband didn't tell her he'd had the bill and when I said he was up in the store now she went white as a sheet. I was a bit rough with her, maybe. She broke down crying and saying she'd never seen a sack of flour and didn't know what I was talking about."

"All right, Bill," I said; "I'll

see Sergeant Barnes about it tomorrow. They'll find they can't trick an old hand like me so easily."

Bill went out, still grumbling, and I started off home to supper. Luckily enough the whole business slipped my mind. If I had thought to mention it to Maggie she would have wanted to know the end of it; and she would think me a proper old fool, for sure. She would soon tell me about it too. It was a fine evening so, after tea, I put on my hat and strolled back to the shop again to finish off some letters for the next mail-boat.

I was hard at it for a while and scarcely noticed how the time was passing. The office window looks out over the sea. I had it open to let the warm summer air blow a bit of salt and freshness through

that stuffy collection of bills and ledgers and clear away all the stale smoke which gathers there during the day. I stacked a bundle of letters on a corner of the desk and straightened up to stretch my back.

The evening had crept in around me while I worked. In front of me the open window framed the sunset sky, blazing with great streaks and splashes of red and gold. I got up from my chair and walked over to see it better. As I stood there leaning against the window with the crimson light burning up the sea and shining over my face and hands. I heard the sound of a harmonica away in the distance playing a kind of sweet and melancholy tune. I was just thinking to myself what a grand thing it would be to be



This is the bustling settlement of Portugal Cove, terminus of the Portugal Cove-Bell Island Ferry, only link between St. John's and Bell Island, of iron ore fame.

young again on a night like this when there was a soft tap at the office door. And then, hardly making a sound, this girl came in.

When I looked at her a bit closer she seemed no different from the rest of the girls around here. But for the first glance I suppose the sunset was still in my eyes and I thought for a moment that I had never seen anything quite so lovely. She came across the room in a kind of drifting way as if the wind were blowing her towards me. Her dark hair was ruffled and tossed as though she had been running her fingers through it, but there was so much spring and curl to it that the untidiness was of no account.

"Mr. Osborne," she breathed. It was then I remembered having seen that wide brow and pointed chin before; although then she was only a school-girl and she had not come to my notice since. Certainly I had never been aware of this pale charm and dark-eyed grace. Or was it perhaps only the summer night working in my old blood and stiffened bones. I pushed forward a chair and she melted into it.

"It's Kathleen Sullivan, isn't it?" I asked.

"Kathleen Fleming now," she whispered.

I felt myself stiffen. Very deliberately I walked across to the middle of the room and lit the lamp. Then I set down firmly behind my desk with my arms folded on top of it.

"Well, now, Mrs. Fleming," I grunted; "it's about that little business of the sack of flour, I suppose."

She sat there twisting the but-

ton of her shabby coat and pulling the collar up about her slim, young throat. I had to strain my ears to hear her.

"Yes, Mr. Osborne, sir, it is. I had to see you before you said any more about it to Tom. I'll pay you for it. I'll get the money somehow. But please tell Tom I never had it. Tell him it was all a mistake; or as sure as the sun's in heaven, he'll kill me. He'd never forgive me for spending good money on foolishness."

By this time the tears were swimming in her eyes and she was digging in her pocket for a handkerchief.

"Oh, come now," I said; "it's not as bad as that. Even if you did buy it without telling your husband about it, he can hardly call a sack of flour 'foolishness.' It's a thing you'd have to get sooner or later."

"But I haven't got it now," she sobbed. "As soon as Bill delivered it I took it down the back road on a barrow and gave it to Mrs.illard to pay for the dress."

I was mystified. "What dress?" I demanded.

She wiped her eyes and blew her nose.

"The dress to go to the dance in with Danny Walsh. When Danny came out of the Navy he wanted to marry me; but I took Tom instead. Now Danny has been working in Montreal and made his fortune. So when he came home to see his mother last month, I had to have a dress to go to the dance. I couldn't let him see me in that old pink dishrag I've worn for years. I look awful in it. He'd go back to the mainland and think

it was a good thing he hadn't married me. I knew Mrs. Billard had a piece of silk she got from St. John's, but when I asked Tom about it, he said it would cost too much—the silk and her sewing it and everything.

"It's isn't that Tom's really mean, Mr. Osborne; he's only careful. We've got a lovely home there and everything we need; but Tom won't spend a cent if he does not think it's necessary. And he didn't think Mrs. Billard was necessary."

"Why didn't you make the dress yourself?" I asked.

"That's just what he said," she wailed. "But I didn't dare. I'm not much of a hand to sew and I was afraid I would spoil it. Such lovely stuff, Mr. Osborne. It would have been a crime not to treat it

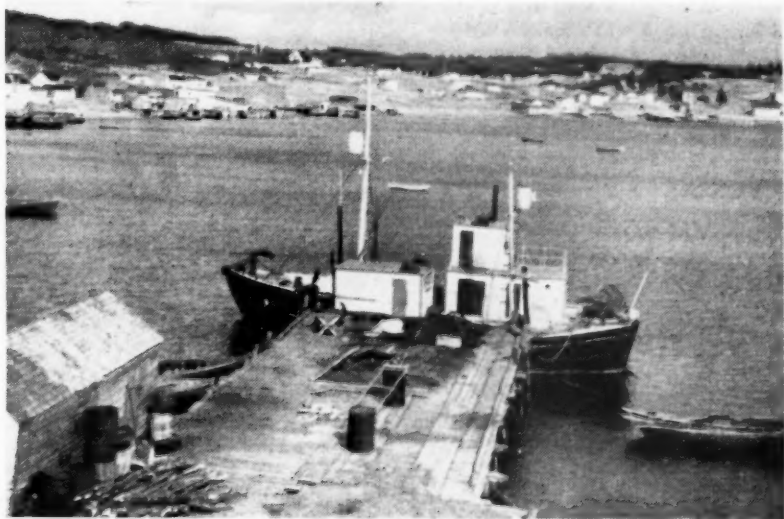
right." Her eyes glowed. "Mrs. Billard made it just the way I wanted it. I had to pay her for it and I couldn't think of any other way except the flour."

"And have you thought of any way to pay for the flour?" I enquired drily.

"Oh yes, sir. I'll pay you if you give me time. I always meant to but Tom got the bill before I had a chance to do anything about it. I can save a bit out of the money he gives me and I can do a bit of knitting for one of the neighbors. I knit very well although I can't sew. I'll pay you back all right within the year."

"Well," I said; "it's not a very profitable arrangement for me, but I suppose it will have to do."

"I'll write down here what you have promised and then you can



Dildo is a fishing-whaling settlement. The whalers go out and drive the pot head whales in on the beach where they are quickly killed and brought to the factory to be processed.

sign it, if you've got any learning, or was that just to fool Bill?"

She blushed and dropped her eyes as I made out the paper and pushed it across to her. When I had written a large "Paid with thanks," across the crumpled bill which had started all the trouble, I handed it back to her. Finally I got up to lift down the ledger from the shelf behind me.

"It's a pity I can't see that dress since it's given me all this extra work," I remarked over my shoulder.

"Oh, but you can," she exclaimed joyfully. "I put it on to prove I was telling you the truth."

As I turned round she dropped her drab coat on the chair and stood with her arms lifted and her dark head on one side, pleased as a child at being able to show herself off. She seemed filled with delight at being given a chance to please me. The dress was every bit as lovely as she had said; a soft, flowing silk in a pattern of blues and violets which threw a kind of radiance on her pale skin. Behind her head, the

patch of sky dusted with scattered stars made a soft lavender background. The color in the sky and in the pattern of her dress seemed to be reflected in the deep blue of her eyes and the faint shadows beneath them. Although I knew she was a married woman of half a dozen years standing, I had that same dazzled feeling which had come over me when first I saw her. She held out the full skirt of the dress for me to admire.

"Pretty, isn't it?"

"It's beautiful," I said. I cleared my throat. "Tell me, Kathleen, what did Danny think of you when he saw you?"

"He never did see me," she moaned. "It was raining the night of the dance; and he went off the next morning."

She glanced up. "It's not that I have any feeling for Danny, at all. I just wanted him to see that he wasn't the only one that had done well for himself."

I laid the ledger carefully on the desk in front of me.

"How old is Tom?" I asked.



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Kathleen looked at me in astonishment.

"Twenty-eight," she said.

"And has he seen you in that dress?"

She shook her head. "He knows I've got it though. He thinks it's one my aunty sent me from the States."

I looked at her gravely. "Will you do something for me?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Tomorrow then," I told her, "give Tom a good supper, and when the dishes are washed up, open the window and let the sweet scents of the summer night come in. Put on your lovely dress then, my child, and ask Tom to take you to the dance."

She was staring at me with wide-open eyes as I flicked open the drawer.

"Here you are," I said; "two fifty-cent tickets. He won't want to waste those."

She laughed. "No, that he won't," she said.

I looked at her solemnly.

"The rest is up to you, my dear. There are other things in life besides dollars and fish and you must teach Tom that before it is too late."

As the door closed behind her I crumpled up the paper with her name scrawled across it and threw it in the stove. I suppose I am an old fool, but that last look she gave me was worth a sack of flour.

"The Soft Summer Air," by Jane Gordon, is one of a series of stories that took prizes in the recent A. H. Murray & Co. Ltd. Short Story Contest. Another story will appear in the June issue.

MAY, 1953

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St. Anthony and the name of Sir Wilfred Grenfell are synonymous and this picture shows a lovely town in a lovely setting.

Metropolis Of The North

by JESSIE BEAUMONT MIFFLIN

COSMOPOLITAN is the word for St. Anthony, for here you might have breakfast with an Eskimo, morning coffee with an American, dinner with a Newfoundland, tea with an Englishman and supper with a Mainlander. It is not, then, a typical Newfoundland outpost, that which makes it different being of course, the Grenfell Mission.

St. Anthony is a town with a population of 1359, according to the latest census. The stork undoubtedly paid a visit there since these were compiled, so that figure is now only approximately correct. Like David Copperfield, it has 'grewed out of knowledge'

during the last twenty years or so. Indeed, forty years ago, so the 'livyers' say, there were only about a dozen families living there.

St. Anthony is divided into two parts—the East Side and the West Side, and between them there is a great gulf fixed, which, being interpreted, means that the harbor lies between them. In the winter when it is frozen, a natural bridge is formed between the two sides and it is a very short distance across, but at other times it is four miles around by the main road, although there is a somewhat shorter one along by the shore.

On the West Side is the six-roomed amalgamated school with

its large auditorium complete with piano. A new wing has just been added, which has steam-heated class-rooms and corridors, drinking fountains and up-to-the-minute wash rooms as well as a laboratory, which, however, is still in the embryo stage. Attached to the school is the little regional library with as fine a collection of books as will be found in any library of comparable size on the Mainland.

Here is the U. C. Church with its tiny pipe organ, the L.O.A. Hall, large government building which houses the Post Office, C.N.T. and R.C.M.P. offices, the hotel and restaurant and well-stocked stores, while the foundation is laid for a large theatre. Here, too, are the Grenfell Mission buildings, set for the most part under the hills, which in the autumn turn gold and bronze and make a fitting background for the attractive architecture.

On the East Side there is the lovely C. of E. church and modern two-roomed school and the Salvation Army barracks and school. Here also is a cold storage plant, large premises for salt storage, C.L.B. armoury and general stores.

One of the first things a stranger notes about St. Anthony is the superior type of home there. Large well-kept houses give an air of prosperity to the place, indicating a laudable ambition and initiative in the inhabitants, which people in other parts would do well to emulate. The houses almost all have running water. Indeed, in one part of the town it was put in through the efforts of the people themselves, who built the dam as a co-operative enterprise. Many of them also have electric lights, elec-

tric washing machines and other appliances, and, of course, practically everyone has a radio.

There is a town council in St. Anthony. As a matter of fact, it was one of the first places in Newfoundland to form one, and there is no doubt that this has been responsible for many of the improvements in the community.

It is a law-abiding town, where the inhabitants live at peace with one another, and no one covets his neighbor's possessions, at least not to the extent of appropriating them, and doors are left unlocked at all times.

St. Anthony is a town of contrasts. On the one hand there is the busy water front and the rush and bustle of a shopping centre, which is enhanced by the darting hither and yon of trucks and jeeps. On the other hand you find here the peacefulness and serenity usually found only in places where the amenities of modern civilization are unknown.

At night, unbelievably bright, the stars look down. And sometimes there is the silent symphony of the Northern Lights, which, now green, now red, now shimmering white, seem, in their triumphal march across the heavens to bend so close to earth that you feel impelled to reach up and try to touch them.

Finally, and not the least of its many attractions, you will find in St. Anthony a heart-warming hospitality—a hospitality which those abroad who call it home must remember always with nostalgia, and which creates in the stranger within the gates a desire to return again soon.



The Grenfell Mission at St. Anthony attends to the medical needs of the people on this rugged, far-flung coast.

Mission Down North

by **LEN MARQUIS AND CHRIS LUND**

Almost 60 years ago when English medical missionary Dr. Wilfred Grenfell landed on "the" Labrador he found a land of muskeg and rock, of desolation and disease. Its whites and Eskimos fought a losing battle against the numbing North Atlantic weather, poor returns from the fisheries, and the ravages of T.B., scurvy and beri-beri. Death kept a grim static count of population. The immensity of the challenge was enough to make young Grenfell devote the rest of his life to the social and physical welfare of the Labrador's "liveyeres" (year-round inhabitants of the coast as opposed to summer fishermen). When he died in 1940 his single-handed efforts had grown to international

scope with the formation of the International Grenfell Association.

Today disease and poverty are still natural concomitants with life on the coast, but the modern magic of medicine and the humanitarianism Sir Wilfred instilled in his followers are successfully meeting the centuries-old problems.

Main post in the International Grenfell's chain of nursing stations and hospitals is at St. Anthony, 320 nautical miles "down north" of St. John's. From here each summer the I.G.A. sends out the 70-foot hospital ship *Maraval* to bring doctor and medicines to the Labrador's inhabitants. Though emergency operations can be performed aboard the *Maraval*, most patients requiring major surgery

or hospitalization are sent back to the 75-bed hospital at mission headquarters. Here too are located a children's home, industrial workshop, as well as a clothing store which supplies winter clothing to outporters via the barter system.

Self-contained St. Anthony is almost completely cut off from the outside except for fortnightly coastal boats in summer, aircraft in winter. Other problems include a shortage of electric power, the necessity of stock-piling and spacing out food and medical supplies to last until Spring breakup. But doctors, nurses and volunteer workers take isolation and hardship in stride, says Head Surgeon Dr. Gordon Thomas, who in 5 years has made countless hazardous mercy trips by motor boat and dog-sled: "It gets in your blood after a while."

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THE FIFTY PLUS CLUB

by LYNN HARRINGTON

PERHAPS you sometimes wish you could "just get away from it all"—leave your invalid uncle, or energetic children to someone else for a few hours.

Or maybe yours is the opposite problem—something to fill in a few hours profitably.

The Fifty Plus Club in Toronto meets both these needs. It is not an altogether new idea, nor is it confined to any single town or city. Although this group of middle-aged and elderly women live in a large community, their problems are parallel with women across the country. They need a little more money to eke out their pensions or frugal savings.

As important—and indeed even more valuable—it gives them a "window on the world." Like people of all ages, they "need to be needed." They give excellent service at reasonable cost, and unquestionably find satisfaction in making others comfortable.

What sort of services do they perform?

At \$2.60 for a four-hour stint, they'll sit up afternoons or evenings with your baby, your Grand-



Olga Lee Hatton and her husband Gordon are the moving figures behind this popular Toronto club

pa, your house or your Great Dane. They'll open your cottage, or do your shopping. They'll dust behind the bachelor's chesterfield, and prepare party fixings. Indeed, they will make a fourth at bridge, write thank-you notes, turn a shirt-collar, tutor Junior in algebra, or translate a manuscript.

No one person does all this, of course. But gather 350 women over 50 years of age, and you'll net retired schoolteachers, nurses, business women, and widows of clergymen, businessmen and college professors. At least that's the bag for the Fifty Plus Club, according to secretary and organizer, Mrs. Olga Hatton Lee.

Mrs. Lee was born and raised in St. John's, Newfoundland, and her voice retains its rich Irish warmth—and its fire. "I'm inclined to be impatient," she admits cheerfully,

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

"but I don't like Club members to be. To give service, they have to be of a placid disposition, and our clients are of all temperaments of course. You know how the public can be!"

Mrs. Lee left Newfoundland in 1930, for Montreal which she still prefers to Toronto. "But I married a Toronto hotelman, so here I stay." Mr. Gordon Lee is also president of the Fifty Plus Club and his suave manner smooths any ruffled feathers.

In Montreal, Mrs. Lee had done some journalism during the depression. But she was stricken with arthritis. The malady never affected her keen mind. It merely became more active while her physical activities were limited. Eight years ago, she organized the highly successful Baby Sitters' Club Reg'd.

She lined up a number of refined experienced women (checking their statements with a minister, usually). For baby-sitting services she charged \$1.60 for four hours, plus 50c an hour after midnight. Mature women rate higher than teen-age sitters. Of this amount, Mrs. Lee received 10c per hour. Her rates have not changed, except for a slight seasonal increase around Christmas.

But dozens of requests by tele-

phone had nothing to do with children. "Would one of your members pick up some books at the public library, and bring them to me in hospital?" "Would some lady consider playing checkers with my aged father for an evening? I must warn you, he'll probably start a political argument."

The result was that in January of 1948, Mrs. Lee organized her Fifty Plus Club, which now has 350 members. Their qualifications are similar to those of the baby-sitters, except for child-rearing. The skills brought into the Club circle by these members have vastly expanded the services which can be rendered. They never know from hour to hour what may turn up.

One sprightly widow took on a 10-year-old boy when his father came to Toronto to a medical convention. They went to see Niagara Falls, and "did it" thoroughly. The little fellow was so thrilled he wouldn't come home until the last bus. The member's fee was the flat rate of \$5 for the whole day.

They'll do all kinds of shopping and the members are hand-picked for the job. It takes a discriminating shopper to buy just the Christmas gifts required by the busy executive for all his friends, relatives and business acquaintances.



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One lively lady of 94 has a passion for football games. She'd rather go by herself, munch peanuts and hotdogs, and scream at the referee. But she good-naturedly gives in to the family's insistence. Their minds are at rest while Grandma cheers the Argonauts in the company of a gentlewoman who also likes football.

Or she'll escort Aunt Mehitabel on her first airplane trip. One member went to Winnipeg, saw that Hetty made proper connections, and she herself enjoyed a day or two in Winnipeg. A reliable and pleasant woman who has had experience with children will take little Susie to her cousin's down in the country by plane, train, bus or car, if requested.

A frequent request is for someone to inhabit a large house during the owner's absence. It's much cheaper to give a house a "lived-in" look than to let burglars help themselves. Members will even pack your grips for you, "since most people hate packing, and don't do a good job," says Mrs. Lee.

Similarly, if you don't want to take Fido on a trip or leave him at a kennel, you can hire one of these ladies to dog-sit, and polish

the silver while she's at it. "In one instance, the dog was of a very decided temperament. If he didn't like your looks, he growled. We sent out a lady who declared she loved animals. Luckily, the dog approved."

Through the years, Olga Lee has had not a single serious complaint about the service. "Of course our members and our clientele don't always take to one another at first sight." But our members are adjustable, accustomed to meeting people. Sometimes new clients quibble about the character of our members—that burns me up. Believe me, we screen our clients just as much as we screen our members, and I turn down a booking if I don't like the sound of a voice, or the neighborhood it comes from."

No question but that Mrs Lee has every reason to be proud of the service she is rendering to the public, and to members. They pay no registration fees—it is not an employment agency in the ordinary sense. This is for part-time work only. The women will do anything except heavy housework.

"I think I'd have gone mad after my husband died, if it hadn't been for the Fifty Plus Club giving me a reason for going out and helping others out of a spot," said a clergyman's widow. "It certainly saved my mind."

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This panoramic view of Spaniard's Bay is one that is bound to bring nostalgic memories to many readers.

Fifty Plus Club, for convalescent patients who need company and small services. "We don't touch nursing of any kind," says Mrs. Lee. "The services we render are those that are hard to get elsewhere. Some patients like a chatty woman around them; others prefer the calm kind."

Many people have been interested in the formation of such a service group and have written in for intimate details of the organizing. One query came from Santa Barbara, California.

"We had to learn it ourselves from our own mistakes. I'm not hoarding our knowledge, but still

it is worth a good deal, and I'm willing to share it at a price."

What would that be? \$15 for the short "course" would soon pay for itself. "And I wouldn't give it to just anybody. A poor group brings discredit on all such service. I'd want to know the character of an organizer, the population and type of community."

The Fifty Plus Club might well be adapted in any locality. Every community has its single women who have a struggle to keep their heads above water, or who are bored with idleness. They have many and varied skills which others need and would be glad to pay for.

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